POCAHONTAS TIMES.

VOL. 12, NO. 22. MARLINTON, WEST VIRGINIA, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1894. $1.00 IN ADVANCE

Official Directory of Pocahontas.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff, J. C. Arbogast.
Deputy Sheriff, R. K. Burns.
Clerk County Court, S. L. Brown.
Clerk Circuit Court, J. H. Patterson.
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.
Commissioners Co Court { C. E. Beard, G. M. Kee, A. Barlow.
County Surveyor, George Baxter.
Coroner, George P. Moore
Justices: A. C. L. Gatewood, Split Rock; Charles Cook, Edray; W. H. Grose, Huntersville; Wm. A. Brown, Dunmore; G. R. Curry, Academy; Thomas Bruffey, Lobelia.

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Tuesday in April, third Tuesday in June, and third Tuesday in October.

County Court convenes on the first Tuesday in January, March, October, and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

LAW CARDS.

N. C. McNEILL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will practice in the Courts o Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Court of Appeals of the State of West Virginia.

L. M. McCLINTIC,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will practice in the Courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

H. S. RUCKER,
ATTY. AT LAW & NOTARY PUBLIC
HUNTERSVILLE, W. VA.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas county and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

J. W. ARBUCKLE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
LEWISBURG, W. VA.

Will practice in the courts of Greenbrier and Pocahontas counties. Prompt attention given to claims for collection in Pocahontas county.

W. A. BEATTON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Prompt and careful attention given to all legal business.

ANDREW PRICE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will be found at Times Office.

SAM. B. SCOTT, JR.
LAWYER,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

All legal business will receive prompt attention.

PHYSICIAN'S CARDS.

DR. O. J. CAMPBELL,
DENTIST,
MONTEREY, VA.

Will visit Pocahontas County at least twice a year. The exact date of his visit will appear in this paper.

DR. J. H. WEYMOUTH,
RESIDENT DENTIST,
BEVERLY, W. VA.

Will visit Pocahontas County every spring and fall. The exact date of each visit will appear in The Times.

J. M. CUNNINGHAM, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Office next door to H. A. Yeager's Hotel. Residence opposite Hotel. All calls promptly answered.

J. M. BARNETT, M. D.,
HAS LOCATED AT
FROST, W. VA.

Calls promptly answered.

SOME weeks since a memorial sermon was preached at Driftwood in memory Mr. G. McGlaughlin a person who had spent most of his life in leasing and clearing land on the late Colonel Poage's estate Clover Lick and the Dysard property, and other properties in that vicinity. The following extract is reproduced for this paper: The services of that part of our community who clear the forests, and prepare the fields for culture, cannot be appreciated too highly, for without such labor our country would be hardly inhabitable. All characters and conditions of society owe a special debt of gratitude to the men who handle the ax, the maul, the wedge, the grubbing hoe, and the brush hook. Too much is not likely or can be said to honor their memory, when dead, or help and encourage them while living. Without such there would be no farms, no society, no civilization. Labor is the source of wealth, and the Holy Writ declares, the laborer is worthy of his hire. The bee that makes the honey, ought to have his full share. This simple principle however seems in danger of being lost sight of in a practicable way. Nature teaches the working bee to know and maintain his rights, so the drones, having served their purpose have their sportive wings clipped and are expelled. Bee-legislation is in the interest of the honey makers, and averse to the non-producers, consequently the supply of honey is assured, as long as flowers bloom, and honey dew falls. Suppose this policy be reversed, and the drones control the bee legislation. It would be nice for the drones as long as the stores of honey held out, but when the honey was exhausted, honey and bees alike would disappear before another winter. Were the producing element of our population encouraged and appreciated as their merits deserve, there need be no harsh measures resorted to, and all classes would be contented and happy up to the full measure of their capacity to enjoy the bounties lavished upon the American people.

GOV. JOSEPH E. BROWN, of Georgia, died at Atlanta November 30th. He was governor of Georgia during the the war, and after the war served eleven years in the United States Senate, retiring in 1891. He was one of the most wealthy men in the South. He is gratefully remembered by the Southern Baptists for his donation of fifty thousand dollars to the Southern Baptist Seminary at Louisville, Kentucky. This deed will be remembered and applauded long after all his other deeds as Senator and Governor shall have lost their interest.

MR. WHITELAW REID, a noted journalist and remembered as the Republican candidate for Vice President in 1892, recently set out for Egypt. He was assured by the physicians that he could not survive another winter in New York. His ailment is consumption, and has probably reached its final stages.

After a bank cashier has entered his nest he fancies that he has plumed himself for flight.—Galveston News.

President Cleveland needn't worry about the Mosquito Territory. New Jersey is able to take care of herself.—Lowell Courier.

Missions in India.

In the *Forum* for December is an article on the mission work in India, written by a native and a Brahman. He puts the case very plainly and claims that the missionaries by no means earn the $100 or $200 which they are paid. He claims that the work of the missionaries is more like proselyting than anything else. Probably the strongest argument which can attack the system of missions, is that the missionaries, as a rule, are not self sacrificing. The good sister Rose, who went to lepers to teach them to die, is a notable exception. On that very island more missionaries are needed, and yet the case of that beautiful woman stands alone. She is the only one that has illustrated in an unquestionable degree what the missionary professes to be. Certain death in its most loathesome form awaited her, but she went.

The Brahman writer claims that the missionaries in India do a deal of mischief, and that every conversion of a Brahman caused much sorrow and domestic trouble. To the tender-hearted American we may ask how does the following extract of that letter sound. You cannot say it is a lie, and if true does it not sound very realistic, much like heart-breaking business in America?

"When they opened the schools Brahman boys also attended, do to the present day, and a few Brahman boys have been converted to Christianity not by convincing them of the superiority of the Christian religion, but by induncing them into meat eating and wine drinking. In one case a boy of sixteen the first step was to give him sweet wine, which was very palatable to him. The first day's glass made him pleasant; the next day's glass made him more pleasant, and the third day's gave him a strong taste for it. He was in ecstacy. But all this while his parents were kept in utter ignorance of his experience, for the Brahman is absolutely forbidden to taste wine; they though that he was simply studying English, and after completing his studies they hoped he would be able to support them in their old age. After a time the boy became attached to the missionary, who had a magical influence over his young heart, and he was persuaded to become a Christian. The boy did not know much about his own religion, so that he could not compare it with Christianity, of which he had heard a great deal. Hence he was an easy victim, to the great agony and grief of his parents. The boy ran away from home on a certain day and went to a Christian church. The parents got information of him and went with tears to the missionary and implored him to give the boy back to them. The boy was married, his young wife would become a widow if he became a Christian. She could not live with him, and nobody, not even his father, could eat with him, for he had lost caste. He could not enter the house of a Hindu because he was polluted. All his mother's future hopes were dashed to pieces on the Christian Rock. The missionary did not yield to the tears of the parents. He took a piece of meat and put it in the mouth of the boy in their presence, and in the presence of the people assembled, and gave him a glass of wine to drink. It would be hard to imagine the sorrow of the parents, the father-in-law, the mother-in-law, and the young wife, to all of whom he now became morally and practically dead, because by his conversion he lost caste, and brought disgrace to both the families. This case was the talk of everybody in the surrounding town, and it is painful for me to think or write about it. I know this family personally. It was wrecked. The old father, who was a revenue officer and the magistrate of the county, died of a broken heart in six months, and the mother followed him in a short period. The young man's wife dragged out her life for some years in sorrow, and when she found that there was no other alternative, she went to her husband, but did not accept his religion; and she died an untimely death. This is not a solitary instance."

The article is very long and cannot be reprinted here, but one cannot read it without being convinced that the missionaries in India must be very obnoxious to the *better class* of that country.

"Caves, Springs, and Many Other Funny Things."

BACK ALLEGHANY,
POCAHONTAS COUNTY, W. VA.,
December 7, 1894.

Thinking that a few lines from this section would be of interest to your numerous readers, I will attempt to give you a few jottings.

I have been five week up in this neck of woods, and am getting on pretty well. I find the people of this vicinity to be kind, generous, and hospitable. I have quite an interesting school at the Moore School-House. The school is not large, but for superior merit in spelling and reading, I do not hesitate to say that they are hard to beat. I think I have some of the best readers and spellers it has ever been my good fortune to meet. Several of them have considerable knowledge of Arithmetic and Geography.

Some days ago, the scholars procured some material suitable for torches, and all repaired to a cave about half a mile distant from the school-house. We all entered to explore the beauties of this underground cavern. With some difficulty we entered its mouth, and after penetrating some distance we found ourselves in a large room overhung with a beautiful canopy of gigantic rock lined with beautiful stalactites resembling icicicles of all shapes and sizes. After traveling on further we came to a nice stream of crystal water, we then continued on further and got into another department where the walls began to contract, and we were attacked by innumerable spiders of the "Old Grandaddy Longlegs" variety, attracted by the torchlights. We thereupon retreated to the former apartment where each one procured the finest specimens of stalactites that could be found, and carried them to the school house as mementoes of our explorations. This is the first cave I ever entered of such dimensions in which there were no stalagmites. There were no formations in the bottom of this cave that I could discover. The famous cave situated in Pendleton County, ten miles south of Franklin, is a model of natural beauty, in which both stalactites and stalagmites are found in innumerable numbers. There are formations reaching from top to bottom and not larger in circumference than a walking staff. There is, also, a beautifully clear pool of pure water, and a formation in the shape of a writing table called the old ladies' writing desk. It is not difficult to enter, being near the Monterey and Franklin Turnpike, on the farm belonging to Mr. Henry Simmons.

There have been a considerable number of deer killed in this neighborhood.

Well, Mr. Editor, I will bring my few items to a close. If you think they deserves a place in your good paper, print it; if not, plunge it into the waste basket.

Yours Respectfully,
J. F. HIVELY.

Job got his certificate for patience before he was obliged to go out and buy Christmas presents for all his relations.—Minneapolis Times.

We Complain.

There is no part of our work causes more worry than our unhappy system of mails. Everything depends on the mails in our patrons getting the paper week by week. Occasionally some one's name is omitted in this office in copying the list, and the subscriber misses his copy of the paper. Never fail to notify us by a postcard, and we will do everything in our power to make up for the loss. In nine cases out of ten of those who fail in getting their paper, it is not our fault. Somebody has been careless with the mail. It may have been lost by a child sent for the mail. So let us rub along as gently as possible, and send word to this office.

A Bath County Drama.

(Bath News.)

Time, Friday; Place, Warm Springs, or thereabout.

Dramatis personæ:

Bruin, ——— The Terror.
His Exhibitors, Terrors, also.
J. H. G., ——— Deputy Sheriff.
J. F. L., Another Deputy.
Justice A., Magistrate of the Commonwealth.
et cum multis aliis.

Scene I. His Ursine Majesty on Public Highway delighting the crowd. Enter upon the scene Justice A. Exit Bruin and Attendants.

Scene II. "Shake Rag," H. U. M. again delighting crowd. Enter with warrant J. H. G. Order given: Return with me, thou craven. Bruin bows politely but speaks French only. Unperturbed as a day in June, and still delights the crowds. J. H. G. not parlez-vousing, begs pardon for the interruption, and waves adieu.

Scene III. Posse comitatus. J. H. G. and J. F. L. in van. Bruin, characteristically, has registered French departure with no cards of congé.

Scene IV. ——— returns. Thrilling Escapes! "Daring Rescue!!" Column in New York Whirl!!! (paid for)

Sic Transit.

Problem.

Two men enter into a contract to do a piece of work $200. They decided that they could do the work in 50 days, which would be $2 a day for each man if both worked their number of days, and they agreed in the event that if one lost any time, the other was to have $2 a day for the time he worked more than the other man. One lost 10 days. How much more ought the one to get that worked on and did not lose any time, than the one that lost 10 days?

Send answer to next week's paper. TEACHER.

Bridget (at the photographer's, looking at her new tintypes) shure, I'd how big they are fakin' th' mouths now!—Puck.

A Liberal Offer.

The enterprise of the publishers of THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, Boston, Massachusetts, has steadily advanced the paper year by year, keeping it always in the front rank of the best periodicals. It has to-day as no other publication the popular demand for a practicable family paper, one that is equally valued and enjoyed by old and young, and free from all objectionable features.

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